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I've seen many a brave man in my

time, sure enough, said old Ivan Star-
koff, removing his short pipe to puff out

a volume of smoke from beneath his long

white moustache. Many and many a

cut have I seen; for, thank Heaven, the

children of holy Russia are never want-
ing in that way; but all of them put to-

gether wouldn't make such a man as our

old colonel, Count Pavel Petrovitch Sev-
erin. It wasn't only that he faced danger

like a man,—all the others did that,—but

he never seemed to know that there was

any danger at all. It was as good as a

re-enforcement of ten battalions to have

him among us in the thick of a fight, and

see his grand, tall figure drawn up to its

full height, and his firm face and keen

gray eyes turned straight upon the smoke

of the enemy's line, as if defying them to

hurt him. And when the very earth was

shaking with the cannonade, and balls

were flying thick as hail, and the hot,

stifling smoke closed us in like a shadow

of death, with a flash and a roar break-
ing through it every now and then, and the

whole air filled with the rush of the shot,

like the wind sweeping through a forest

in Autumn,—then Petrovitch would

light a cigarette and hum a snatch of a

song, as coolly as if he were at a dinner

party in the English Club at Moscow.

And it really seemed as if the bullets ran

away from him, instead of his running

from them; for he never got hit. But if

he saw any of us beginning to waver, he

would call out cheerily: "Never fear,
lads—remember what the song says! For

in those days we had an old camp song

that we were fond of singing, and the

chorus of it was this:

Then fear not words that brightly shine,
Nor losses that grimly frown;
For God shall march before our aid,
And lead our forces down.

He said this so often, that at last he got

the nick-name among us of "No Boiya"
(Don't fear), and he deserved it, if ever

man did yet. Why, Father Nikolai Pav-
lovitch himself (the Emperor Nicholas)

gave him the Cross of St. George with

his own hand (the St. George from the

emperor's own hand—think of that!) at

the siege of Varna, in the year '78. You

see, our battery had been terribly cut up

by the Turkish fire, so at last there were

only about half a dozen of us left on our

feet. It was as hot work as ever I was

in,—shot pelting, earth works crumbling,

gases crashing, guns and gun carriages

tumbling over together, men falling on

every side like leaves, till, all at once, a

shot went slap through our flagstaff, and

down came the colors!

Quick as lightning, Pavel Petrovitch

was up on the parapet, caught the flag as

it fell, and held it, right in the face of all

the Turkish guns, while I and another

man spiced the pole with our belts.

You may think how the unbelievers

flew at him when they saw him standing

there on the top of the breastwork, just

as if he'd been set up as a mark; and all

at once saw one fellow (an Albanian by

his dress, and you know what deadly

shots they are), creep along to the very

angle of the wall, and take steady aim at

him!

I made a spring to drag the colonel

down (I was his servant, you know, and

whoever hurt him hurt me); but before I

could reach him I saw the flash of the

Albanian's piece, and Pavel Petrovitch's

cap went spinning into the air, with a

hole right through it just above the fore-

head. And what do you think the colo-
nel did? Why, he just snatched his fin-

gers at the fellow, and called out to him,

In some jibber-jabber tongue only fit to

talk to a Turk in:

hill sides so slippery that we could hard-

ly climb them, and turning all the low

grounds into a regular lake of mud, through

which it was a terrible job to

drag our cannon. Many a time in after

days, when I've heard spruce young ca-

dets at home, who had never smelt pow-

der in their lives, talking about glorious

war, and all that, I've said to myself,

Alas, my fine fellows! If you had been

where I have, marching for days and

days over ankle-deep mud, with nothing

to eat but stale black bread, so hard that

you had to soak it before you could get

it down; and if you'd had to drink water

through which hundreds of horses had

just been tramping; and to scramble up

and down steep hills under a roasting

sun, with your feet so swollen and sore

that every step was like a knife going

into you; and to lie all night in the rain,

longing for the sun to rise that you may

dry yourself a bit,—perhaps! then you

wouldn't talk quite so loud about glori-

ous war!

However, we drove the Turks across

the Balkans at last, and got down to

Yamboli, a little town at the foot of the

mountains, which commands the high-
road to Adrianople. And there the un-

believers made a stand, and fought right

well. It will say that for "em; for they

knew that if Adrianople were lost, all

was over. But God fought for us, and

we beat them; though, indeed, with half

our men sick, and our clothes all in rags,

and our arms rusted, and our powder

mixed with sand by those rogues of army

contractors, it was a wonder that we

could fight at all.

Toward afternoon, just as the enemy

were beginning to give way, I saw Pavel

Petrovitch (who was a general by this

time) looking very hard at a mortar bat-

tery about a hundred yards to our right;

and all at once he struck his knee fiercely